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HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 1, 1927.

News of the Mill Villages

GASTON, N. C.

Smyre News—A Fine Sunday School and Pageant—Interesting Personals.

Sunday School Day was observed Sunday, August 21st, at Smyre Methodist Church. A pageant, "The Way, the Truth and the Life," was presented under the leadership of Miss Audrey Ratchford by the beginner, primary, junior, intermediate and senior classes of the Sunday School.

Miss Ratchford has been teaching a Daily Vacation Bible School for five weeks and during the school the children were taught songs, Scripture verses, handwork and other interesting things, and, at the close of the school, the pageant was presented. Throughout the pageant the children of the different departments rendered their parts in a very impressive manner, giving the congregation an idea of what the children of the different departments are being taught in the Sunday School from the small child to the adult.

At the close of the pageant, Mr. Moser and Mr. Dilling, superintendent of Smyre Manufacturing Company, made brief talks, in which they expressed their appreciation, in behalf of the church and Sunday school, to Miss Ratchford for the splendid service she had rendered.

Immediately following the talks, all the children who had not been absent a period in school were presented with certificates and the congregation was invited to go to one of the class rooms to look at the exhibits, which proved that time had been well taken care of in making many useful things.

Prof. A. C. Warlick, of the Ranlo schools, will have charge of the 11 o'clock hour Sunday, August 28th, in the absence of the pastor. We feel sure that Professor Warlick will make a worthwhile talk and it is hoped that a large number will be present to hear him at that time.

The Senior Epworth League members are requested to meet at the church Friday evening, August 26th, at 7 o'clock to go for an outing to Armstrong Park.

Personals.

The club girls were glad to have Lillian Baker back at the club meeting Monday night after having been sick for a week.

Misses Elizabeth and Thelma Hubbard and Mrs. Carrie Flowers, of Belmont, visited Miss Flossie McCarn Saturday.

Mr. R. D. Short and sons, Bynum and Glenn, spent Sunday in Charlotte with Mr. Walter Short and family.

Mrs. S. J. Rabb, John Rabb, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Lutz and children visited Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Shull, who are very sick.

Mr. M. C. Ewing, who has been sick for the past week, has improved and is now working again.

Misses Lucille Lynn, Ola and Leslie Hall, of South Gastonia, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Hall.

Miss Olivia Rabb was the guest of Miss Flossie McCarn Sunday.

Mrs. Daisy Joy and family have as their guest for a few days, Mr. H. J. Gazaway.

Smyre News.

The many friends of Miss Bert Baker regret to know that she has been quite sick for a week and glad to know that she is now improving.

Mr. James Stiller, of Bessemer City, spent the week-end with George McCarn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor and little son, Paul, were visitors for the week-end in the home of Mrs. Eva Duncan, at the Modena Mill.

Mrs. Ava Long, of Belmont, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Baker, of Mount Holly, were the guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lanier and children and Miss Daisy Lanier, of Thomasville, spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Tysinger.

The small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Heavener had the misfor-

tune to get one of her fingers seriously hurt.

Leonard, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harrell Bagwell, is critically sick with typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Vess Ford and children, of Clover, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Holland.

The Smyre Baseball Club will give a party at the Community House Saturday night, August 27th. This party is to be given for the benefit of the Ball Club and it is hoped that a large number will be present.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Howard, on Saturday, August 20th, a son.

SPINDALE, N. C.

Two Men Convicted of Stealing Cloth—Girls Train for Nurses—Big Preparations for County Fair.

Two men, Joe Becher and Earl Burgess, were recently arrested and tried before Recorder John P. Bean on Friday on a charge of stealing cloth from the mills here. The witnesses for the prosecution were Yates Duncan, Chief of Police in this town, Sheriff W. C. Hardin, W. M. Lentz, J. T. Forester and J. K. Pool. A strong case for the State was made out by the Solicitor and Judge Bean promptly issued the sentence which will either remove from North Carolina Joe Becher and Earl Burgess or else send them to jail if they are found in this State, as a warrant for their arrest will be issued on August 29.

Miss Ruth Putnam left last Wednesday to enter the training school for nurses in the Columbia, S. C., hospital. Miss Putnam will be missed by her many friends. She was cradle roll superintendent in the Spindale Baptist church and a group leader in the senior B. Y. P. U. On last Monday night, August 15, the members of the B. Y. P. U. gave her a surprise party. Her many friends wish her much success in her new field of work.

Miss Ruth Burgess leaves in a few
(Continued on Page 4)

Becky Ann's Own Page

GOOD, PLAIN, OLD-FASHIONED COMMON SENSE.

Good old-fashioned common sense, educated or uneducated, is a valuable asset. Some of the most sensible and far-seeking people we have known, knew little of books, but were rich in knowledge that comes from observation and experience.

In this fast and frivolous age with its bewildering array of attractions, we find little time for sober thought or self communion; and, when brought unexpectedly face to face with great issues, we find ourselves lacking in common sense necessary to dissect and analyze them, and along comes some smart Alec who makes a living by his wits, marks us for suckers, and weaves a net for our undoing.

Life is an ever changing panorama. Each day comes laden with greater opportunities and enlarged interests. Our lives must be developed along practical lines to meet constantly increasing responsibilities. Sound principles must govern the hearts and minds of those who wish to make the most of possibilities.

In short, plain common sense must assert itself, and stand for those things which make for nobler men and women, and for the betterment of humanity in general.

Common sense teaches the manufacturer that efficient service never comes from unsanitary and uncomfortable homes, or from people who are indifferent concerning the moral atmosphere of their community. He realizes that it is absolutely necessary and essential to the well-being of the present and future generations, that employees have not only good homes and good wages, but must be provided with churches, schools, community buildings, parks, playgrounds, etc. Recreation and amusements, too, are in the reach of all, and are necessary.

Brains are valuable according to their fineness. Virtues and resources are valuable in proportion to their development. The value of success depends on how success was achieved. If to gain wealth one must part with honor, then, poverty is preferable.

Life is not solely for getting a living; it is for developing the perfect man or woman, body, mind and soul. Get a bull dog grip on Common Sense, and profit by the terrible suffering that some have known through lack of it.

HIGH RENTS AND HARD TIMES.

Not in mill towns, thanks to our manufacturers, but elsewhere rents are sky high. Four rooms over a grocery store two miles from the

center of Charlotte costs \$30.00 per month! Not a foot of ground for a garden or even a woodpile!

The sorriest mill house in the sorriest mill town in the South would bring big rent in the city. Truly, mill people are more fortunate than they realize. They have comfortable homes for less than it takes to keep the houses in repair and pay the taxes. They never have to worry over the scarcity of coal. If there is any at all, the mills get it and supply their employees at about cost.

Seems to us that mill people have less to worry about than most any other folks in the world—we mean Southern mill people, of course.

POOR-CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

Charlie Chaplin, the world's greatest comedian,—the children's favorite—has not been much in evidence in the movies recently. No doubt, like many other famous stars, he will "twinkle" no more,—at least never again so brightly as in the past.

Lita Grey has ruined him. The girl whom he raised from obscurity to fame, who became his wife and the mother of two children, has her divorce, the children and around a cool million.

Comedy, pathos, tragedy, despair: poor Charlie knows them all. Strange that a man who loves children so intensely and who in turn is so devotedly loved by them, should find it impossible to win a congenial mate.

Personally, we never cared for Charlie's comedies, but thousands nay — millions did, — and children everywhere love him next to Santa Claus. There must be something wonderfully good about Charlie, for children and dogs are not easily fooled. We think the public in general has little respect or sympathy for Lita Grey, the wife who has divorced him.

ANOTHER PROOF THAT MILL PEOPLE ARE AMONG THE BEST.

The Gastonia Daily Gazette, in a recent editorial on the subject of "Vandalism," reported the terrible destruction of property by bad boys; 302 window lights were broken and even sashes torn out of the Central school, located in the "better section" of the city.

We note with pride that no such wanton destruction occurred in the mill districts. See what the editor said:

"It is perhaps a significant fact that West school, South, North, were not damaged, except for two or three broken panes. These are

in the thickly settled mill communities with the exception of North. And yet, Central school, in the midst of what is called, 'our best people,' suffered by far the most damages."

Haven't we always contended that mill people are among the best? The children in mill villages are generally obedient to parents, have fine regard for the rights of others, and many of them make star pupils. Hurrah for our nice boys and girls of the mill villages!

IS THINE HEART RIGHT?

We would like to make a plea for more parents in the Sunday school and for more children in the church services; for more consecrated, whole-hearted Christians; for more prayerful study of the Bible and for more good, clean, elevating, inspirational and helpful literature in every home.

There is nothing that costs so little or is so valuable and profitable as good reading, nothing so conducive to good morals, high ideals, sound principles and strong, fine character.

There has never been a time when real men and women were more needed. Let brains take the place of "sawdust," and let us all clasp hands in united endeavor to work out our ideals for perfect harmony and sincerity of purpose in our little corner of the world. "Shine, shine, just where you are."

The past few weeks have been full of protracted meetings. There's been lots of gospel preached; are we better or worse because of it? We are one or the other. Time will prove all things. Life is uncertain, death sure. Are we right in the sight of God?

GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE BULLETIN'S BABY—THE HOME SECTION

Come and Be With Us in Our Family Circle and We Will Do Thee Good.

What is this Home Section for, anyway? Why, it is a happy medium through which mill people can express themselves on subjects of interest. A delightful place in which we may have "Round Table Talks"—swap ideas, recipes, experiences and news.

We need more correspondents; we will furnish stamped, addressed envelopes and send the paper to one good correspondent in each mill town.

If every mill town had a booster like the correspondent at Shannon, Ga., Waxhaw and Kings Mountain, N. C.—good, loyal and faithful—it

would mean great things for the mill communities.

Not long since our Shannon correspondent told about the lovely flower yards and prizes given by the mill company for the prettiest, first, second and third. It was inspirational.

A Man With a Vision.

This paper is going out with every Bulletin this week, and we hope it makes new friends.

In the goodness of his heart, Mr. David Clark has made this Home Section possible, and we hope through this medium to encourage the eradication of weeds and the growing of gardens and flowers in every mill village in the South.

We confidently expect the co-operation of mill officials and employees everywhere in carrying out many plans for interesting community fairs and socials that mean so much to village life.

Let's begin to plan NOW for next year. In that time, the Home Section will be a welcome visitor in thousands of homes, and can begin to use photographs to good effect.

We want to hear about the star pupils in school; we want to know what boys and girls do in their spare time in order to improve themselves or to help in the family budget. Maybe they have chickens or a garden in the back yard from which they derive both pleasure and profit.

We want to hear about your Sunday schools and churches, "Better Babies," the "Mothers' Clubs," the "Girls' Club," "Boy Scouts," baseball and everything else pertaining to mill village activities.

If You Have an Idea, Pass It On.

This is a weekly newspaper FOR MILL PEOPLE, and we want mill people to have it and use it as their very own, to promote happiness, contentment, thrift and all the virtues that go to make a well rounded and complete life.

We want to help "introduce Christ into industry" where He has not yet been accepted as a partner and co-worker. We want mill people everywhere to receive just pay for their labor, have good comfortable homes to live in, and clean quarters to work in.

We want to see love and genuine religion have a chance to operate the Golden Rule in every town and hamlet and in every walk of life.

Tell us what YOU think we can do to help somebody.

GREAT WORK BEING DONE FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

Dr. Oscar L. Miller, chief surgeon at the North Carolina Orthopaedic hospital, in Gastonia, will conduct a clinic for crippled and deformed children in Forest City on Monday, September 5th, between the hours of 4 and 5 p. m. All children in Rutherford county who are handi-

capped with any sort of lameness of feet and limbs will be examined without charge and their parents informed of the possibilities of a cure. The clinic will be held in the offices of Dr. A. C. Duncan.

For thirteen long years, R. B. Babington, of Gastonia, dreamed and toiled in the interest of crippled children, as the fruit of which the beautiful hospital on Babington Heights, under State control, with Mr. Babington as president, stands as a lasting monument to him and his faithful labors for the crippled children of North Carolina.

(Yes, R. B. Babington did work hard for that Orthopaedic hospital; so did Miss Lena Rivers Smith, of Charlotte, though her work and sacrifice somehow seems to be forgotten. At this writing she lies in St. Peter's Hospital, suffering with an injured back.—Editor.)

CORRESPONDENTS TAKE NOTICE

We are now having such a large circulation of the Home Section that we are forced to go to press early in the week, in order to get out of the way of **The Bulletin** and to get both papers in the mail on Thursdays.

Important news items should reach us not later than Monday morning, if to be used that week.

Thanks to you all.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

Most heartbreaks come from misunderstandings. Most hatreds between man and man arise out of a lack of full expression and calm consideration of the points of view of two or more persons.

So little do we know about the souls of one another that we are constantly making one another unhappy, without any deliberate desire to do so.

Think over your own experiences. Are you not frequently misunderstanding others, and being misunderstood by others?

In divorce court, in suits at law, and in criminal cases, the thing that keeps constantly popping up is misunderstanding.

And what is a misunderstanding? Let's see whether we can come at it in a way that will cover all misunderstandings.

I think a misunderstanding between two persons is a failure of one or both to see clearly what is in the mind and in the soul of the other.

We do not know one another, largely because of the difficulty we have in expressing ourselves.

Persons who are not very well acquainted do not have as many misunderstandings as those who are more or less closely in touch with one another. The reason is that chance acquaintances have little in-

terest in what is in one another's minds. They do not expect to understand, so they do not misunderstand. The person who has few intimate relations with fellow men is apt to get through the world with the fewest misunderstandings. He will miss the sweet, along with the bitter.

Lovers, life mates and business associates have the most serious misunderstandings.

Lovers because they do not know one another's language well and are timid about saying what they think to one another.

Husbands and wives misunderstand one another because they don't talk their difficulties out calmly and fully.

Business partners and associates get into court or into bickerings because they are not quite frank in telling each other that each has interests of his own, and that neither one can own or completely control any other one in the world of business.

At the root of most misunderstandings is the lack of full and complete expression on both sides. Either the parties to the misunderstanding can not or will not express themselves fully. It's best to say it out, rather than let the venom accumulate and ferment into hatred.—Charles Driscoll.

CAN WE SERVE YOU?

Say, Mr. Man, when you get out of humor with your work and business, don't go home and scold your wife, kick the cat or spank the baby.

Take yourself to task first; make sure that you are not to blame for whatever has occurred; see if you can not find a remedy instead of making a disturbance, such as throwing a monkey wrench in the domestic machinery. Your wife might some day take it into her head to help you break up house-keeping.

If you have a big problem,—if you are perplexed and powerless within yourself to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, have a heart-to-heart talk with your big boss; the superintendent, even, is truly interested in your welfare, has troubles of his own and will sympathize with you and help you if he can.

"Aunt Beeky," too, will be glad to have your confidence on any subject that worries you, and may accidentally help you; she has helped others in times past.

General Overhaul.

A dentist says that he had an absent-minded motorist in his chair the other day. "Will you take gas?" he asked.

"Yeah," replied the a-m patient, "and you'd better look at the oil, too."—Boston Transcript.

179494

SPINDALE, N. C.

(Continued from Page 1)

days for Boone, N. C., to take up a teacher training course. The friends of Miss Burgess will miss her in the community and church.

The Rutherford County Fair, to be held on October 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, will be the best in the history of the county if hard and faithful work by the association and the committees can do it. And with such men as G. W. Rollins, C. Z. Flack, S. E. Elmore, F. C. Kinzie and many others at the head of the organization, there is little, if indeed any, doubt that the 1927 Fair will be a great success from every standpoint. The increases in many of the prizes and the immediate payment as soon as the awards are made will undoubtedly bring many more and better exhibits. So much, however, has already been printed about the plans it would be idle to give them in detail again.

SHORT NEWS ITEMS

More and more flyers, getting lost, trying to make big money on bets. It is rather risky to gamble with death.

Mrs. Coolidge and her son, John join in a dance at some place, take a few turns together around a ball room floor, and get into the papers as usual. Wonder if the first lady doesn't get disgusted with so "much ado about nothing?"

Jack Dempsey's wife—the former Estelle Taylor, tries to reduce by starvation method, and gets critically ill, say newspaper reports.

Newberry, S. C.—Two bales of new cotton were sold in Newberry today for 22½ cents a pound, the first by B. M. Havird, ginned by Farmers Oil mill, to H. O. Long, the second by Shivar Marshall, ginned by Harry Dominick to Nat Gist.

Henderson, N. C.—The Henderson strike, at this writing is nearly four weeks old, and "no better." Bombs, and rumors of bombs and blasts,—are getting very common. The latest, was an attempt to cripple the power lines, put out the lights, and stop the mills for miles around. Four weeks mean the loss in wages, of \$32,000 beside all that has gone into the union treasury.

Abbeyville, S. C.—Abbeyville's first bale of cotton was sold here August 27th, bringing 23 cents. The cotton was grown by John Gillebeau a prosperous colored farmer.

Columbia, S. C.—John Cash of Rock Hill, convicted at the June term of court in Chesterfield county along with his two sons, Marion

and Frank for the killing of a man named Nicholson, and sentenced to serve a term of from three to six years in the State penitentiary, was today pardoned by Governor Richards.

BALL NEWS**Mooresville—Charlotte.**

Mooresville, N. C.—Cascade Tigers defeated the Memorial club from Charlotte, Saturday, 6 to 5.

Benfield's pitching and Hager's running stood out.

Bessemer City—Cherryville

Bessemer City, N. C., Aug. 27.—Bessemer City triumphed over Cherryville today, 5 to 0. Jenken's hitting was the big noise of the game. He got three safties and scored one run. Wilson pitched a great game.

Ranlo—Thrift

Ranlo, N. C., Aug. 27.—Rex Mills defeated Kendall Mills here today, 8 to 5, and local observers contend that this gives the Rex boys the edge over Kendall in the State championship race.

The entire Rex team played bang-up baseball.

Stony Point—Marion

Stony Point, N. C., Aug. 27.—Stony Point nosed out Marion here today, 7 to 6, in a fast 10-inning game.

Lackey had the best of a pitching duel with Green. Brown's hitting was the feature of the game. He contributed two two-baggers, a home run and a single, and his blow in the tenth was directly responsible for victory.

Lincolnton—Maiden

Lincolnton, N. C., Aug. 27.—Boger and Crawford, Lincolnton, gave Maiden a 3 to 2 licking here today in a brilliant 10-inning game that was featured by fine baseball on both sides.

Rudisill pitched the entire 16 innings and was in superb form. He gave up but six hits. The other feature of the game was the batting of Proctor, who collected four for five.

This is the second defeat Maiden has sustained this season.

JIMMY'S TEXT

One day it was pouring rain, and Aunt Carrie was getting short of stories. Jimmy Bates, said, "Let's play church."

There were five Bates children and two cousins. They put a chair for the pulpit, with the hassock for a step to get up.

The pulpit was so fine that each wanted to be the minister. They began to argue about it, but Jimmy said he ought to be, because he knew most texts, so he must be the "good-est."

"Why Jimmie!" said Aunt Carrie.

But the others said he might, if they could take turns passing the plate.

The plate was mother's card tray. They had buttons for money. They began by singing a hymn with great enthusiasm.

Then Jimmy, with grandpa's spectacles 'way down on his nose, mounted to the pulpit. How they all envied him!

"My friends," began Jimmy.

"You should say 'brethren,'" said Helen, softly.

"And brethren," added Jimmy, crossly, "my text this afternoon is 'Do unto others as you would—'"

"Oh, Jimmy," wailed a voice in the first row, "you can't have that. You know you took my ball away from me this morning, and I wanted it so. You can't have that text."

"Never mind," said Jimmy. "My text today is, 'Judge not—'"

"But Jimmy," piped up another voice, "you said you guessed Benny Green played truant yesterday because he wasn't in school."

Jimmy swallowed very hard, and, thumping the back of the chair with his fist, said: "Here's another: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Oh, Jimmy," howled the whole congregation, "not that. You ate up all the am at the dolls' party, so we didn't have any!"

At this the poor little minister broke down and cried. Aunt Carrie said: "I know the best text of all: 'Love on another.'"

Just knowing texts isn't much use, unless we try to live them.—Selected.

ALLIGATOR SEEN IN CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER

Monday afternoon while Postmaster Walter Turner, Dr. Joe Lane and Mr. Charley Dix were fishing about one and a half miles below Mooty's bridge, on the Chattahoochee, an alligator about five feet in length came along and visited with them for a while.

They were unable to capture it and the many descriptions as to length and size vary somewhat, but they all vouch for the fact that it was an honest to goodness live alligator. So you patrons of the "ole swimmin' hole" beware.

The angling ability of these disciples of Sir Izaak Walton may not equal that of Cal Coolidge, but there has yet no report come out of the Black Hills, of him fishing for alligators.—LaGrange Graphic.

Sans Labor.

Choleric Business Man—"I don't know what the modern youngsters are coming to. My wretched office boys persistently whistle while they work."

Second Ditty—"You're fortunate. Mine just whistle."—Gaiety.

DRIVEN FROM HOME

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

Susie, hurriedly found the packages addressed to Albert and Alfred, and passed them out to eager trembling hands.

"You just wait, now," she cautioned, till I get through. Soon each held a package, and Susie's voice rang out:

"Now!" In a twinkling the packages were opened. A small dark gray breakfast shawl with dark blue border for Granny—"Like the won Grandma Shehane wears" said the card inside. A pair of warm, home-knit, woolen gloves for Mrs. Grim. "I bot the thread an' Grandma Sheshane nit them," wrote Johnnie.

A string of "pearl beads" for Susie, that sent her into ecstasies.

A knife on a chain, a box of colored pencils, a book of drawings to be colored, a pencil tablet and a copy book for beginners for each of the twins, had them dancing with delight.

"Gosh! folks'll think I got a watch. Look!" exclaimed Albert, fastening the chain in the button hole of his ragged old coat and dropping his knife in the breast pocket, while Alfred hurriedly did likewise.

"Oh, that blessed boy! Why I'm goin' to wear that shawl every minute an' feel jest like it's Johnnie's arms around me!" said Grandma tremulously, hugging her present close to her heart.

"And when I wear my gloves I'll feel his warm hand-clasp," added Mrs. Grim. The twins turned with a flash of humor to Susie:

"And how'll you feel with them beads 'round your neck Susie?" they grinned.

"I'll—I'll feel like—oh!" she flashed, catching their meaning, "I'll feel like I'm dressed up! I don't believe any other girl around here has anything half so lovely. I just wish Johnnie could know how proud I am of such a pretty present," fastening it around her neck and noting the effect on her dark blue dress.

"Seems to me Johnnie's got the ropes on you now, and you better be keerful how you flirt," remarked Albert.

"You sure had, 'cause if you ain't true to him after this, we'll be bound to let him know," grinned Alfred.

"I don't expect to notice any boys but you," Susie replied softly, and the twins backed away abashed, and began to examine their books all over again.

Just then some one stumbled up the steps and without knocking opened the door and bolted in. It was John Elgricel in one of his insane tantrums.

His bloated face red, blood-shot eyes made a picture to terrify the strongest; he began cursing wildly; Mrs. Grim with an eloquent glance toward her guests went forward to meet him unafraid. Granny whispered to the twins and urged them away through an adjoining room; Susie

They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

Becky Ann Books

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

Read

Only a Factory Boy
Hearts of Gold
Will Allen—Sinner
The Better Way
A Man Without a Friend
Driven From Home

PRICE \$1.00 EACH

Order from

Clark Publishing Co.

Charlotte, N. C.

Nobodys Business

By Gee McGee.

Modern Love-Making

I went to a picture show a few nights ago, but my entertainment while there did not come from what was thrown on the screen. Sitting in front of me were 2 imitations of humanity of the male and female speshees that were so in love that they did not even know that they were not out in some dark avenue in a Ford. They talked all the time, and rarely ever cast an eye toward the picture. I was not an intentional eaves-dropper, but I felt constrained to find out just how folks made love to one another since I was a shiek, and I listened in for a while, and this is what I heard:

"Do you weely love your little fiddle-dee-dum wiff all your heart, honey."

"I'll tell the world, kid, and then some. Your hand is right hot."

"I'm glad we come down here ain't you? Have a-nuther goober."

"I'll tell the world, but I'm so full of goobers now I can't get my breath."

"Betcher I love you mor'n you love me by a jug full."

"I'll tell the world, kiddo, if you do—you've done done something."

"You're the purtiest girl ever was in this who'e world, and you know I know it."

"If you don't think so, dumpling dear—you'd better move over a little bit."

"I think of you all the time, day and night, and dream about you ever now and then."

"Me too, and I told maw wasn't for you I'd as soon be dead as not, and I'll tell the world."

(Quietness ruled for 2 minutes).

"Lean your head over agin mine, and make like you're looking."

"Is that close enough, lootsie-wootsey-wumple?"

"Yep—that's all right. Your hair is just so soft."

"So's your'n."

"Gosh, my stocking has broke loose."

"That's all right, let it alone. I'll fix it when we get out."

"Gee whiz! Your leg feels just as cold."

"Yes, but you know that means a warm heart, and I'll tell the world."

"Honey, funny, wunny—I love you so I most die when I don't see you every day."

"Me, too, and maw says I'm a plumb fool about you."

"Darling, was that your foot I totch?"

"I'll tell the world, it had better been mine."

(2 minutes more of quietness.)

"Sweetie-tweetie-teeie—gimme nuther piece chewing gum."

"Here it is, hunky-dunky. Gosh, your neck is just as soft."

"Ain't this a purty pitcher show?"

"Don't know, I ain't never saw it yet, I love you so."

"What would you do if I waster die, honey?"

"I'd die too, and I'll tell the world. There ain't nothing here for me but you, kiddo."

(1 more minute of quietness.)

"Betcher somebody's done stole your Ford."

(Continued on Next Page)

grabbed the box and disappeared with them as her mother confronted the angry and profane wretch, who was cursing his mother for being away, and not having a hot meal ready.

"Stop! you skunk! Stop your profanity this instant or get out of my house!" cried Mrs. Grim, her eyes flashing dangerously.

"Oh John!" wailed his mother, wringing her hands. "Stop honey! I left hot coffee an' bread by the fire. I hain't never neglected your comfort, John!" she wailed, 126

"DRIVEN FROM HOME"

as he tried to pass Mrs. Grim, his eyes gleaming murderously.

"Oh Mrs. Grim,—he'll kill you,—get out of his way—he don't know what he's doin' when he's like this!"

CHAPTER XIX

The twins, frightened and indignant, took the "nigh cut" home through muddy, half-frozen fields, tumbled over fences, and ran breathlessly, hugging their Christmas treasures, Johnnie's gifts, close to their hearts, intent on hiding them from curious eyes, and thereby averting the necessity of answering questions.

But Susie, with her mother's quick wit and intuition, knew that something terrible was about to happen, and with terror gripping her heart as she thought of her mother, facing that drunken, infuriated wretch alone, she dashed out to the public road, which was only a few yards away, hoping to see some one passing, on whom she could call for aid.

Was it a kind protecting providence that sent Sheriff Lowery along that way at the right moment? Susie thought so.

Mrs. Grim grabbed a heavy brass candlestick from a desk by the door and raised it threateningly, her eyes glued to John's like a bird charmed by a snake, and, listening to Granny's terrified cries and pleadings, she became a little nervous and off guard.

John had forgotten his mother in his attention to Mrs. Grim. He had always had for her an admiration, that more than once had caused her uneasiness, and now she saw something in his red eyes that made her soul sick and her knees weak.

"You beautiful she devil!" he said "You know d— well I won't hurt you. Put that thing down," backing a step, and whining like a whipped cur. "Of course I'll go home. I'll do anything you say."

Then as Mrs. Grim dropped her arm he laughed with diabolical triumph, sprang forward and caught her in his vile embrace, wrenched the weapon from her and threw it on the floor; she struggled and fought him with her bare hands, a prayer for help in her heart.

With a sickening sense of defeat numbing her senses, she realized that John Elgricel possessed maniacal strength which she was powerless to combat; she closed her eyes as she fastened her fingers in his hair in a last desperate attempt to keep his vile lips from hers.

"Don't struggle so,—you can't get away; I've got you at last where I've always wanted you, he laughed, "and I'm going to kiss you and love you all I please!"

"John! John!" screamed his mother, "For God's sake, stop! You'll be hung—the Sheriff's here right now!" And she tore at him frantically, and together, she and Mrs. Grim hurled him from them, just as the Sheriff dashed in with Susie at his heels.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded, glancing around quickly, taking in at a glance the towseled appearance of Mrs. Grim, the frightened, beseeching, quivering face of Granny, and the cowering, laughing wretch who was now limp and half doubled, as he staggered against the wall, his hands pressed against it, for support.

"My—my—son is drunk, an—an' wants me home," stammered Granny, fluttering around like a hen trying to protect her chicks.

"And tried to make you go?"

"Yes; an' Mrs. Grim ordered him out of her house," tremulously.

"What else?" sharply, his eyes turned to Mrs. Grim, who was fast regaining composure. "It seems to me from the racket I herd and from what I see that there has been violence," questioningly.

"Does he look dangerous?" There was a note of scorn and contempt in the voice of Mrs. Grim as she looked at John Elgricel, whom she knew was feigning helplessness. "Take him and keep him safely Sheriff, and don't for one instant, let his present pose fool you. He's strong as a lion and treacherous and dangerous as a Mexican."

"What is the charge against him?" the Sheriff asked, clutching John by the arm.

"Drunkenness and forcible trespass," replied Mrs. Grim.

"Anything else?" not quite satisfied.

"Isn't that enough?" And can you keep him locked up until after Christmas and let his folks have the day in peace?" The Sheriff nodded his head:

"I'll try. Come on, Elgricel," and John with a maudlin leer, staggered along obediently, adopting an air of careless indifference along with mushy, thick-tongued speech.

"Goo—bye, folks; goin' home wi—friend. Big nish hotel; good lick; fine time. Tell Lou git bond. Mush be home Chrismus."

Then as he got in the Sheriff's buggy with seeming great difficulty he began to sing in a long mournful drawn out way:

"I'm gad shalvashun's fee!

I'm gad shalvashun's fee!

Shalvashun's fee, fo' you an' me,

I'm gad shalvashun's f-e-e!"

Granny and Mrs. Grim stood on the porch in the sunshine, the winter winds whistling shrilly about them, listening to the song, that was more like a funeral dirge, as John sang it, and finally when the mournful wail, and the clatter of ironshod horses' feet beating against frozen ground grew faint and indistinct, they turned back into

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Preceding Page)

"Good-gosh-alive; what if they have, and me owing 10 more installments?"

"Well, mebbe they ain't, so set still. Does you still love your little yum-yum?"

"I'll tell the world. Gee whiz: your back is right wet with sweat."

"Well, the pitcher is over. Let's go. I'll tell the world I'm glad."

NO

No is next to the shortest word in the English language. It is the concentrated Declaration of Independence of the human soul. It is the central citadel of character, and can remain impregnable forever. It is the seam-gauge of strength, the barometer of temperament, the electric indicator of moral force. It is an automatic safety-first device. It has saved more women than all the knights of chivalry. It has kept millions of young men from going over the Niagara Falls of drunkenness, profligacy, and passion. It is the updrawn portcullis and barred gate of the castle of self-respect. It is the high fence that preserves the innocence of the innocent. It is the thick wall of the home, keeping the father from folly, the mother from indiscretion, the boys from ruin, and the girls from shame. It is the one word that you can always say when you can't think of anything else.

It is the answer that needs no explanation.

Say it and mean it.

Say it and look your man in the eye.

Say it and don't hesitate.

A good round NO is the most effective of known shells from the human howitzer. In the great Parliament of life the Noes have it. The value of any yes you utter is measured by the number of Noes banked behind it. Live your own life. Make your own resolutions. Mark your own program. Aim at your own work. Determine your own conduct. And plant all around these an impregnable hedge of Noes, with the jaggedest, sharpest thorns that grow.

The no-man progresses under his own steam. He is not led about and pushed around by officious tugboats.

The woman who can say no carries the very best insurance against the fires, tornadoes, earthquakes, and accidents that threaten womankind.

Be soft and gentle as you please outwardly, but let the center of your soul be a NO, as hard as steel.—Selected.

MILL GROUP SPENDS PERIOD AT REASONOVER.

Greer, Aug. 17.—The entire office force of the Victor, Greer and Apache Mills of the Victor-Monaghan group spent the past weekend at Camp Reasonover. It was one of the most enjoyable gatherings of the season. Those who composed the party were C. R. Ballenger, O. A. Gaines, W. B. Major, Markham Ballenger, S. V. Wilson, L. R. Beaman, W. L. Bruce, Grady Bruce, and Henry Bruce, of the Victor plant.

C. M. Hemphill, Nimrod Brannon, and Shorty Westmoreland, of the Greer plant, R. W. Herd, Luther Green, and Claude Tillotson, of the Apache Mills attended.

Music was furnished by Mr. Brannon, pianist, Mr. Gaines, banjo picker, and Mr. Greene, on the guitar.

IT IS GOOD TO FORGET

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your brother's faults. Forget the slander you have heard, forget the temptations, forget the fault-finding, and give more thought to the cause that provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of our friends, and only remember the good points that make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeable things of life; they will grow large when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice will only tend to make you familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only the things which are lovely and lovable. — Bibb Recorder.

GIRLS OF THE GAY NINETIES.

It took no small feat of engineering 30 years ago to dress to meet my "fellow," arriving on the 8:41 on the Wisconsin Central.

He came resplendent in his \$12 suit, \$2 shoes and low-crowned tan derby—a swell city chap, holding down a \$45 a month job.

In preparation, first came a bath, taken from the "wild rose" wash basin placed on a chair. Then the knee-length cotton ribbed vest and starched muslin "umbrellas" with hand-knitted lace edge, a horsehair bustle with hip pads all on a tape and tied in front. The shirt waist "distender" was "distendered" by taut buckled tapers behind its bosom and went on over the stays, as stiff as a hired man at a church so-cial.

Then came two or three ruffled petticoats and then the "dip hook" pinned through the stays to dip the shirt waist, "separate" skirt and brush-braid hem and belt all to a V in front. The dipper the dip, the sweller.

Black cotton hose held all the dust the "brush" braid brushed up. The swell pancake hat rode along, pierced by eight-inch hat pins skewered from opposite sides through the wire frame pompadour "rat" that aired in the window each night. The hat was a "model" from "Murphy's General" at \$1.98.

The flushed, guilty look came from a stolen rub on my cheeks from mother's secret red muslin rose in her dresser. With sticky black kids held on my hand for style, and a little purse with a real quarter inside I was unpinning my best hanky from my belt to wave as the old 8:41 whistled at the crossing, and the old hackman waited beside me to drive my fellow and me right through main street, seven blocks home for 25 cents.

Was I swell, girls? Well, our town paper began the wedding notice, "One of our city's fairest daughters, etc." Them was the days!

HARRIE D.

In The Detroit News.

NOT NOVICES

A widower was to be married for the third time. His bride had been married once before.

The groom-elect wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitation sent to a friend:

"Be sure to come; this is no amateur performance."

the house, where Mrs. Grim took Granny by the shoulders, and gazed into her sad, suffering face.

"Granny, listen to me. I'm sorry to see you suffer, but something must be done with John. He's dangerous."

Granny nodded her head, too miserable to speak. Mrs. Grim continued:

"Don't tell Lou a word about this; if you do she'll try to get him out. I know Sheriff Lowrey; he'll treat John right and will see that he gets a good Christmas dinner tomorrow. Let him stay there, so that you can all have the day in peace. For the sake of the twins, let the Sheriff keep him a few days."

"Land of Love,—I don't know!—seems I can't let him be locked up an' do narry a thing to help him! Why he'd never forgive us. No, no. I must get him out,—an got to hurry and see about it. He's all I got, you know!" she sobbed.

"Granny, don't force me to testify to all John has done—I hate to go before a crowd, and tell how he tried to press his vile kisses on my lips. My husband will be home tonight. He's insanely jealous anyway, and John's life would not be safe if this should become known. But John Elgricel must stay locked up for safekeeping a few days; if you don't allow it, on the charges already preferred, I'll have to tell it all, and will push him to the limit. For the sake of all of us, let him alone a few days, till he has a chance to sober up and think seriously."

"Why child, he won't remember a thing about it! He'll come to his senses in that awful jail, an' won't know how come him there ner nothin'."

"Granny, there's where you are wrong. He does know. He gets drunk to give him courage to do the prompting of his evil nature; gets drunk in order to give full rein to the devil in him, and then, pleads drunkenness as his excuse. What comes out of a man when he's drunk, is in him when he's sober. You are some to blame, too, because you have always shielded him from the consequence of his drunken sprees; have let him abuse and mistreat you and his helpless children, and never raised a finger toward having the law on him. Now something has got to be done, and you must take a sensible view of the situation, and listen to me or there will be a worse muddle. I am afraid of him, at last, and I positively declare I'll take out a warrant for him on the charge of personal violence if you insist on getting him free. My husband will be home tonight to spend Christmas."

"Oh mercy on me,—I don't know what to do. John's all I got! I've slaved an' done everything I could—I've prayed night and day—an' God don't hear. What'll I tell Lou?"

"Tell her the last you saw of John he was in a buggy with some man and going toward town singing."

"Oh, they don't know a thing about what's happened," Susie added. "They don't know the sheriff came in or anything. They just flew!"

(Continued Next Week)